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Ilusion

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Ilusión

Natalia Martinez

Sordo al zumbir de grillos entre el pasto,
El pastor contemplaba el manto de los cielos.
Inundado de hojas amarillas y envuelto en el
picar de los moscos,
Miraba la libertad de la luna con sus ojos viejos
y llenos de insólita sabiduría.

El agua bajaba con un sordo rumor
Entre la arboleda que vibraba con su ritmo,
Y parecía, dejando un la mirada firme,
Que los árboles bailaban entre la abismal noche.

En sus sueños, el pastor vió la luna,
Aquella que de niño adornó sus fantasías;
Que se perdió con la desilución de los años
Entre pensamientos baladíes e insensatos.

Regresará con pétalos en mano y su caravana de
luz,
Y lucirá la belleza de su piel abierta;
A todos cegará con la pura miel de su cuerpo
Esa luna, el día de su muerte.

Illusion

[Translation from Spanish]

Natalia Martínez

Deaf to the chanting of the grasshoppers amid
the leaves,
The shepherd gazed at the tapestry above.
Enveloped in the yellow leaves of autumn and
immersed in
The buzzing of the mosquitoes,
He marveled at the moon's apparent liberty with
eyes full of uncommon wisdom.

The water came down from the steppes with a
faint, dull murmur,
Through the grove that reverberated with its
rhythm,
And it seemed, if gazed upon steadily,
That the trees shook and danced amid the
abysmal darkness.

In his dreams, the shepherd saw the moon,
That which had graced his childhood fantasies;
That which got lost with the years and the
disillusions,
Among trivialities and banal preoccupations.

She will return glowing with a crown of light,
To blind with the beauty of her white skin;
And awe with the pure honey of her being -
That moon, the day of his peaceful death.